HAYDEN'S EXPEDITION.

An Active Exploring Campaign in the Elk Mountains.

BLUE JACKETS OF THE HILLS.

The Pleasures and Perils of an Ascent of Mount Daly.

A PARADISE FOR HUNTERS.

Temporary Halt of the Expedition on Account of Illness.

HAYDEN'S EXPEDITION.
IN CAMP FOOT OF MOUNT DALY,
ELE RANGE OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
250 MILES WEST OF DENVER, August 29, 1874. Sitting here in this deep valley beside the roar of Snow Mass Creek, begirt by granite peaks, the wearled faces of our mountaineers fitting here and there behind willows and pines, peering into the tent in which one of our companions is thought to be dying from sheer exhaustion, I confess I am perplexed as to how to begin to record the exciting life of the past five days. It has been an experience so unreal to the Eastern traveller, and, in itself into one of those flinty, isolated chapters which we quietly stow away, as solimonuments in our life's history, the stient reverie of those years when we all hope to look upon self-sought adventure as a reckless passion of our youth. Not that any of been assailed by hostile Iudians or plunged into prolound chasms, leaving us objects of unsightly mutilation, but rather that we have been placed in positions which we do not court for the second time, and in which, as they are now been given a loose reign in the critical moment, would have cost us our mortal coils. This is all characterized in the parlance of the explorer as "A SIDE TRIP." Query, then, what is a side trip? I will try to de-

scribe it. We travel in these mountains with twenty-two animals—eight horses and fourteen mules. Ten of these mules bear cumbrous packs, each of which weighs about 300 pounds, making a ulky burden of 3.000 pounds, or one ton and a half to be transported from camp to camp, regardless of altitude or projoundness of depth, rain or shine. Contained in these stores are our daily food, tents, cooking apparatus, instruments and bedding. All of these articles must be packed and unpacked night and morning and stowed under appropriate covers away from exposis manifest that no such labor can be performed by man or beast, when one must penetrate thickly wooded and unexplored jungles or ascend great steeps covered with fallen timber or rendered all but impassible by treacherous bogs. In such an emergency the main camp is pitched at the debouchment of the main mountain stream along which you are moving. and you detach two strong and well seasoned pack mules to do the perilous work, perhaps twenty miles distant. This is what we did at daybreak on the 23d, after we had spent the night on Snow Mass Creek. Professor Hayden had decided upon a side trip to Capitol Peak and the imposing mountains which terminate the Elk Mountain range to southward and westward. John, our picturesque, weather beaten and potato loving cook, therefore stowed away four days' provisions in a pair of mess boxes, giving us a ham, a saddle of deer, flity pounds of flour, potatoes, hominy and coffee, and the coarse condiments. With the two muies deserving of the most distinction on account of their previous exemplary behavior, "Hoggy" and "Mersie," Dr. Hayden, Mr. Hoimes, the artist, Mr. Chittenden, the topographer, Mr. Broadhead and your correspondent and our packer, Fred, started out on

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY. Fred deserves a word. He is to a certain extent typical of many of the hard working men to be found in the mountains, although it may seem strange that he came out here a confirmed inva-Brought up by his parents, well-to do people in Cleveland, Ohio, he took to medicine, studied with a doctor of standing, and finally went to Ann Arbor University, where he attended a course of lectures. His lungs weakening and his general health decitning, he came to the Territories eight working existence until he is now capable of the greatest physical endurance. To see this narrowslinging a pack of 300 pounds one would hardly believe that he came here the picture of emaciated feebleness, stricken with the terrible disease. Yet this is not the case of one only. Weak lungs-the curse of the bleak and barren regions of the Union-crive many men, destined for placid, professional lives, to the Rocky Mountains, where eventually they adopt the calling of the mountaineer, and are ready to not magine that these men accept also the obli-gations of the serving-man, feeling any personal inferiority, or submitting to any exacting control. Like all mountaineers, even resembling those haughty and courageous inhabitants of the eastern Caucasus, they are thoroughly independent. often insubordinate, and can never be made to act under military discipline. When I first came into the mountains I was then considered the bravado of these men as they gathered about the camp fires at night, and would tell of how they had replied to an order of a su-perior with a "Go to hell!" or "Drop on yourself, you tender foot!" I then made up my mind that if it should be my evil fortune ever to command such subordinates as these, that they and not would "drop on yourself"—a drop from which I conceive they would not be spt to rise. I am timers" has taught me that you must take them for what they are and what they are worth, which is considerable. Unless you are born among them as a leader, you are, as a novice, like a gentleman landsman among old salts. They are THE BLUE JACKETS OF THE MOUNTAINS

even, I might say, more so. They eat with you; they interject quaint mountain phrases into the body and soul of your repartie; they take the first rifle at the same time; they look upon the ventional gentleman as a tender sapling of soit flesh, and denominate him "one of those high-toned bugs." Much of this spirit is, doubtless, due to the opposition to army imperiousness which is common to all civilians, and especially to civilian shooting men. Yet beneath this "I am he" exterior their runs a deep vem of genuine, kindly feeling breaking out in distress, and manifesting itself in every emergency where humanity should shine. I am, therefore, decidedly pleased with these men, and this leads me often to inquire into their former lives, which, without a single exception, I have found to be tinged by some piercing sorrow, of which they speak and think with reluc sorrow, of which they speak and think with reluc-tance. I know that you can meet no person, not even the chirping schoolgiri, who will not confi-dentially assure you that she longs to die—that a gnawing ache is cating away her heart. Does not every comely maiden dream that her life would make a thrilling novel? And are men so different? But these mountaineers do not turn their backs on cities and homes in a mere spasm of maudin sentimentally. Hence when they come here they remain.

on cities and homes in a mere spasm of maudim sentimentality. Hence when they come here they remain.

Having elicited from Fred some of the facts of his early life as we rode down through a deep canyon, I spurred my lazy horse in order to overtake Dr. Hayden. Now my horse is the healthiest, strongest and snapeliest animal in the outfit; but he is terribly lazy, terribly nestating; always going on a wild leap over a bog, into wanch, if very wine, he is sure to planne; walking when the other animals are trotting, but always going at lightning speed when due notice is given him that such a pace is desirable. He is either a very slow or a very fast horse, and like most do-notling animals is always steed, generally rides away from me, and it is only by aparts that I recover neck-a-neck. On this par-

ticular morning I made up my mind that I would not lose him; for to lose your guide or leader in going through mountain like these is to lose your sell, and without much experience in training you sell, and without much experience in training you sell, and without the contract of a pine forest, completely filing up a gorre, we made our way up the side hill of a long moraine, and continues our journey to westward. Moraines of a long, tomo-like shape, are seen in every direction, and there they stand, mournial sepulcities of a piled up thousands of feet, carved out the valleys and amphitheatres, and as huge and many, edged chisels, completed

The sectificate of the continent.

The sectificate of the continent.

The lesson of long past infinite ages is so simply and yet so emphatically written upon the companies of the earth without effort. Was to a law wise provision of Providence, or, Indeed, one of those immutable aws that reveal themselves from time to time, that we can from those upturned strata study the gradual building of the glober Planetary architecture has, by these mountains, been developed flow in accurate service. From mass of speculation outercopping at every point. You geology is not the only oranch of human study where the tapey must sustain the fact. Human hastory itself is so complex and conjused that it has required the finest intellects of the ages to explain the deductions of 4,000 years of activity, with her imperishable monuments set like eternal phabet with the decline of their race. Egypt, with her imperishable monuments set like eternal prevails of the cartiny of the cartiny of the cartiny of the standard of the provision of a stern civilization unantched since the lapse of thirty centuries, vocusated us no elementary, givbnies graven on her temples; and in the mayericious oftent, where the human race still dwells in greatest numbers, Meedia and Connectus are placed on the boundaries of authentic history. Turning from this succertainty and donut as to our filing, above the contract of th

precipitous nid side, we were unable to proceed further with our animals and there we tied them.

The ascent of mountain peaks, I knew from a bitter experience in the Alps and in other ranges of Europe, Aprea and America, is not the daintest of pastimes. Moreover, from my brief summer's stay in the Rocky Mountains I had learned that there are other amusements much less satiguing than mountain-climbing. The weartsome character of the ascent is, however, generally diminished by your ability to ride your animal to within, persaps, 550 feet of the summit. But in the case of Mount Daily we were collect to leave our horses at the base and climb up the shaip incline. Dr. Hayden, the cest of mountaineers, and who, if he were in Europe, would be fit for a high place among Alpine heroes, led the way over the wet and tuited green. It was hard climbing, the angle being over saxty degrees. The effort would cut the wind and set the lungs panting and the breast heaving, until I round I had enjoyed a new, if a disagreeable, sensation. Slowly we reacced timber line, about 11,000 leet above the sea, the meanwhile grand scenery breaking everywhere on our vista, despite the continuous drizzle and the wild havoc that seemed to be paying with the clouds. In a former letter I had something to say of the vista, despite the continuous drizzle and the wild havoc that seemed to be playing with the clouds. In a former letter I had something to say of the monotonous grandeur of the scenery, and expressed the opinion that too much sublimity was not sublime, nor too much beauty beautiful. While more than ever impressed with this conviction, I cannot deny that from the summit of every fresh peak you behold sometining new and strange, some other phase of earth scoipture, some other shade of nature's best works. In order to take every advantage of your situation in climbing a mountain, you should not hastily rush for the tip top without turning your face toward the panorama spread out before you. With every additional hundred feet of your ascent you can take a new view and have an enlarged horizon, thus gradually enclosing the attractions of a radius of 100 miles. Having reached the minor summit, 13,300 feet above the level of the sca, we determined that we would make an effort to reach the lotter summit. But upon a close in spection of the distance between us and the base of the higher cone, we found that we could not bridge this space without a perilous descent down a precipitous crag, nearly perpendicular and whose formation in the main consisted largely in loose, iragmentary rocks liable at any time to tumble two thousand feet into the chasm below. We, however, agreed upon the attempt, and Mr. Holmes leading the way we followed one by one, bracing ourselves against the sides of the narrow cut in the rock, and which was a kind of perpendicular ditch. Every step downward was accompanied by a shower of stones, large and small, loosened from their depositories, and sent rolling and tumbling below. One hundred feet of this kind of work, during which a single missep or slip would have cost any one of us a life, we made in about ten minutes. Through shale and loose small stone we made our way to the base of the cone and found ourselves enwrapt in clouds. We soon discovered that they were rainclouds, containing also hai and snow. Seeking shelter behind one of those overhanging rocks which abound on all mountains of this character we waited until the storm had spent its force, the while shivering in the cold. It soon became the opinion of the party that to ascend the additional 390 feet would be superer While more than ever impressed with this convic-tion, I cannot deny that from the summit of every fresh peak you behold something new and

shout and calling my name, "Look out, there! Look out, there! A rock!" Sure enough, directly above and dashing down the narrow offen in which I was working my way up was a ten-pound rock. What should I do! I dare not let go either hand for ten seconds, dare not sustain any considerable sho'k, and could not afford to be brained; but no time was to be lost. Weil, I simply ande a lecole and momentous demonstration with my left hand, and committed all else to the Continental Congress and Co. The stone came. It gashed my hand. I gave way for a moment, but soon recovered and continued the ascent, harassed beyond description. When we had both arrived at the summit Dr. Haydon declared that he would no more of that. It was nearly three hours before we were again in our saddles, riding Where grizzly bear and black-tailed deer And miles of fallen timber. In valley, canyon, far and near, Midst bogs and saplings limber,

Where grizzly bear and black-tailed deer
And miles of fallen timber.
In valley, canyon, far and near,
Midst bogs and saplings limber,
somewhat diversified the route pursued by our obstreperous mules and hungry horses. We had left
our companions to their own hopes and adventures, and that night we ate a hearty meal and
slept a sound sleep.

Mr. Holmes, the scientific artist, is the best
moantaineer we have among us, and day by day
he performs the most daring and worthy exhibits,
never failing in an undertaking, never losing a
trail, never giving up the ascent of a peak worch
he has "spotted" as his own game. After his hard
day's work on the top of Mount Daly, during which
he nad sketched the sarrounded scenery with rare
flucity to the outlines of nature, he made the
descent of the mountain on the western side, coming down a "shee"—that is, a deposit of scale and
small stones—an operation which is expensive to
the apparet and the smoothness of one's
skin as well, it was near dusk as he
wandered through the timber, very much
fatigued and anxious to reach camp. The
sun had come out in a golden burst near the
edge of the horizon, and the chouds had hitted in
all directions, floating away to other valleys. As
our hunter was meditating upon the peculiar desirability of a warm and plentiful dinner and rejoicing that he had but two miles between him
and a satisfied stomach, he saw about thirty
feet before min, lying across the trail, and behind
a large log, a tuit of grizzly fur. He haited and
exammed his ride; it was not londed. He left for
his cartridges; there was but one left. Unluckily
he had expended the rest of his ammunition on
fleet and distant deer. With this solitary cartridge in his possession he awaited, results. Presently the lar began to rise and the crouching
object proved to be a huge bear.

The noise that Mr. Holmes had made in his approach had aroused the torpid Bruin, and, elevating him-eir on his hind legs, he opened his
sleepy eyes and stared at the resolute artist. A
minute or two or t

of twenty years among these mountains, I should judge that the habits of the African iion resemble those of the Rocky Mountain bear.

In Abyssmia and Northern Airica the lion is a household pet until he attains the age of six months, when all at once he develops a ferocious instinct and is no longer a safe and dove-like beast. The same is true of the grizzly. Long, too, are not naturally victous save when unduly excited by opposition or ariven by the craving of hunger. Leave them at ne and they will leave you alone, and I believe this rule is broad enough to apply to our own human kind. In ninety-nine cases out of 100 the bear will not touch or hinder you. Whatever he might do with a tender morsel like a babe or two, he would never bother an adult. Mr. Holmes was therefore quite safe in halling the fleeing Bruin, exclaiming "Bool bool" When the bear heard this friendly satutation he turned around and approached. Again, about thirty feet from the rifle, he reared up on his hind logs, exposing his white breast to the hunter and looking at him with a sel-satisfied air, as if to say, "Look at me, nobby human being, What do you think of me for high?" Mr. Holmes was hencertain. He

DECIDED TO FIRE,

although failure would expose him to almost certain death, his only chance being to climb into the bushy top of a slenderpine, where Bruin could not the bushy top of a slenderpine, where Bruin could not go. He raised his rifle, took his sight, and the bear, still with that same complacent look, peered into the muzzle and himself seemed fascinated by the sheen of the weapon. A sharp crack, the beast whired a round, dashed off furiously, but fell fifty feet from his former station a dead bear. He was plerced through the heart and lungs, and seldom has one been more thoroughy; but fell fifty feet from his former station a dead bear. He was plerced through the heart and lungs, and seldom has one been more thorough reference of the poet:—

In the place where the grizzly reposes, Under peaks where a right is wrong.

somewhat from those of the poet:—

In the place where the grizzly reposes,
Under peaks where a right is wrong,
I have memories richer than roses,
Sweet echoes more sweet than a song.

To have killed a bear is an honest and pardonable pride, but to kill many of them is severe labor—a statement that will apply to nearly all monatain game. This 600-pound monster had to be skinned and dressed, and it needed half a day for this work. The skin when obtained was, however, worth \$100, and it now ornaments a plat of green in front of my tent. We have seen cords of bears in these mountains, scarcely a day pa-sing when we do not pass families of them. Elk are rather scarce, but deer are very abundant; and

of pears in these mountains, scarceiy a day pa-sing when we do not pass families of them. Elk are rather scarce, but deer are very abundant; and indeed, though long a traveller and hunter. I have never seen such a region as this. Two hours alone ought to suffice to gather enough game to make any sportsman proud. But miners are coming in. Settlers will gradually select the choice plots, and then elk and all will fly to other and more secluded quarters of the continent.

Sickness in Camp.

On our return from the side trip we found that a comrade whom we had left quite till had grown worse, his lever assuming a dangerous character, threatening death. As I write his late is will uncertain, and I only allude to the painful subject to draw from it a useful lesson, that may be of value to those contemplating a Rocky Mountain journey. He came here sick, which, in his anxiety to push forward with the expedition, he studiously concealed. The long and tedious marches, the rogged country over which one is obliged to travel, the shifting temperatures and the mountain malaria are apt to shake any unseasoned constitution, young or old. It is the sheerest folly in the world to imagine that a young gentleman of delicate habits can be suddenly thrust into the mountains, to ride mules, eat beans and sleep nightly in puddles of water, without suffering injury to health; and if one does start on the down hill he is not apt to recover while with the expedition. Dr. Hayden tells me that he had more than 500 applications for appointments on his survey for a single trip, the majority offering to pay their own expenses. The strongest influences have been invoked to secure the appointment of invalleds to come out, in order that they may fabricate new constitutions. But this is a poor place for them, with an exploring party, where it taxes the greatest strength, courage and endurance to complete a single season.

The serious illness of Mr. Shanks has resulted in the temporary inactivity of this section of the xete a single season. The serious illness of Mr. Shanks has resulted in

the temporary inactivity of this section of the ex-pedition, and we all await the result with anxiety, but learing the worst.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH. Choosing of the American Team-G. W.

Wingate the Captain. The American team and the reserve who are to compete with the Irish riflemen on the 26th inst. were selected on Monday afternoon at the office of W. Wingate, No. 194 Broadway. By agreement a ballot was taken for two persons, who were in turn to choose a third, and so on till the team and reserve were selected. Messrs. H. Fulton and H

put cloud land around it. Soprils peak, now a homely, unromantic ridge, was on our right, named after an enterprising prospector, who made his tame and money years ago. Then on the mode his tame and money years ago. Then on the mode his tame and money years ago. Then on the mode his tame and money years ago. Then on the mode his tame and money years ago. Then on the mode his tame and money years ago. Then on the first of the same and money years ago. Then on the first of the same and money years ago. Then on the last of the same and peaks and Daily peaks the sale of the base tended mountains and below, the genial atmosphere of summer. Timber line on Mount Daily is 11,000 feet above the sea. The peak is barren, black and jagged, making it difficult and changer of the base, ten miles iroun the end of the masses of congiomerate, showing it to be ignered to the same the peak is barren, black and jagged, making it difficult and change and below, the genial atmosphere of summer. Timber line on Mount Daily is 11,000 feet above the sea. The peak is barren, black and jagged, making it difficult and changer of the farming for the form the control of the same of congiomerate, showing it to be ignered to the same of congiomerate, showing it to be ignered to the same of the peak is barren, black and paged making it to be ignered to the same of the same of the peak is barren, black and paged making it did the same of the peak is barren, black and paged making it did the same of t

THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

Great Improvement in the Art Gallery as Compared with 1873.

THE FOREIGN AND NATIVE ARTISTS

Pictures Representing the Anerican, English, French, German and Italian Schools.

CHICAGO, III., Sept. 10, 1874. The art gallery of the Chicago Exposition for 1874 is superior to that of 1873-it could not well be otherwise. Last year circumstances were particularly unfavorable. There were barely three months between breaking ground and opening the doors, and consequently the art department had to suffer from haste and incompleteness even more than the other departments. In the first place the management was incompetent. In the second place anything was taken that had a frame upon it; chromos that even a religious weekly would disdain to foist off upon its subscribers; the trash the wall, like King Hezekiah; the unsalable stock print shops; even the distorted drawings of public school children. Then, to make assurance of failure doubly sure, they hung up Armitage's "Memorial Picture," the immense and absurd advertising placard of the London Graphic, fit only to be relegated to a variety show as a drop curtain and able to kill every picture within sight. Even without any of these special disadvantages it would have been particularly difficult to have organized a first class art department from our local studios and galleries. The great fire of 1871 lett us not one good collection and swept the artist colony out of existence. Most of the Chicago painters quitted the city disheartened and the collectors, between the rebuilding of their destroyed property and the effects of last year's panic, have been unable even partly to replace their burned treasures. This year, however, timely action was taken and that of the proper character. The gallery was enlarged so as to conan area of 120 by 75 feet and affording a hanging surface of about 50,000 square feet. The gallery was made fireproof and an elaborate system of lighting, both for day and night provided. Mr. H. W. Derby, New York, was engaged as director, and invested with absolute power as to the selection and disposition of pictures. In the discharge of his delicate duties he has naturally earned some unfavorable comment from those who were desirous of perpetuating last year's system of disorder, but this was only to be expected. He has firmly rejected all that was of an inferior quality, and even declined to find place for some works which could not very well be hung without doing injustice to adjacent pieces and the general effect. Among one of the rejected pictures is what a local critic calls a "bold and vivid work." I have not seen it; only heard about it. It is described as a parboiled Indian drawing a bow at a venture, under an autumn-tinted mapie over a sunset-tinged

The courtesy with which Eastern artists and collectors have opened their studios and galieries to Mr. Derby speaks volumes for their confidence in him and their good will toward Chicago and Western art. The result has been the collection of a gailery of pictures never equalled in the Westthe collection being superior to as well as nearly twice as large as that exhibited at Cincinnati last year-and rarely equalled in the United States. There are about 550 pictures, valued at \$500,000, and representing all the marked excellencies and characteristics of the American, English, French. German and Italian schools. Among

contributing are the following:-

contributing are the following:—

PARIS.

Fr. Trayon (deceased), M. Guillemin, M. Noterman, C. E. Boutloune, Comte Calix, W. Amberg, Aug. Toulmouche, M. Gérome, Kuwassey; ills, P. Sauvage, M. Perrot, M. Pérignon, Henrietta Rouner, M. Leray, Agapit Stevens, M. Cassman, A. Gamba, E. A. Sain, Jules Goupit, Théodore Frère, A. Savini, Rosa Bonheur, L. Mouchat, Léon Olevie, M. Castazzo, Itézi Gignoux, A. Gonzales, M. Chevillard, A. Béranger, M. Hamman, De Jonghe, Lasalie-Cabalilot, "Cham," George Devy, A. Paust, E. Castiglione, C. Baugniet, E. Billier, C. Pecrus, M. Kuwassey, père; M. Capiobianche, J. Coomans, E. Raffaeli, P. Leyendecker, P. Contin, H. Merle, A. Saudin, M. Sauvay, P. de Connick, E. Metzmacher, E. Venet Lecompte, M. Dubuie, M. Lambinet, Georges Washington, Th. Weger, P. Humler, M. Bakalowicz, Alfred Wahiberg, Edouard Richter, M. Tortez, M. Leyendecker, Adolph Schrever, M. Roybet, M. Carand, M. Levy, M. Rota, M. Schlosser, A. Hue, M. Beyle, M. Deloffe, M. Gide, M. Seeldrayer, M. Bauchard, M. Cuny, M. Lambron, M. Calile, M. Henimant.

MUNICH.

H. Oornichen, Carl Hubner, Gabriel Max, Robert Roysehlog, E. Benke, W. Meyerheim, Hammer,

H. Oornichen, Carl Hubner, Gabriel Max, Robert Beyschlag, E. Beake, W. Meyerneim, Hammer, Robiejsh, S. Valtz, J. B. Klombeck, W. Brockoki, W. Pienfer, Edward Hildebrand, Jansen.

W. Pietffer, Edward Hildebrand, Jansen.
DUSSELDORP.
Joseph Butler, Reiner-Dahlen, Van Oss, P. R. Unterbergen, H. Hørzog, Carl Becker, San Fantine,
B. Nordenberg, R. I. Litschauer, V. de V. Bondeid,
Sanderland, H. Hornemann, J. W. Preyer, A. Seigert, C. Schloesser, Jacobsen.
BRUSSELS.
Mæserus, Th. Gerard, De Bylandt, P. Van Schendel, Cogin, Robbe, Van Severdouck, Tschaggeny
(deceased), C. J. Grips, De Vos.
ROME.

F. Ricci, O. Borriana, G. Ferrara, Cipriana, Santono, M. Tapiro, Innocenti, C. Pittara, Titon, M. Liardo, Spiridion, Romako, Ducro, Novono, Anderott.

Cowen, Willis, F. Locker, Atkinson, H. Wild, S. F. Folingsby, George Cooke, Rolfe.

BERLIN.
Steinhardt, Otto Weber, Hildebrandt, G. Engelhardt, T. Hagen.

Leon y Eccossura, Zamacois (deceased). THE AMERICAN PAINTERS.

not local, represented by works are:not local, represented by works are:

M. F. H. De Haas, A. Eldred, T. LeClear, C. P. Ream, J. R. Key, William Hart, H. D. Marrin, J. B. Bristol, G. N. Cass, E. Du Bois, George Inness, Thomas Hill, S. J. Guy, W. Holberton, W. Whittedge, William M. Brown, W. L. Sonntag, M. Morviller (deceased), E. W. Perry, Y. C. Wiggins, G. H. McCord, J. C. Nicolls, F. Rondel, David Johnson, J. Hamilton, W. H. Wicox, Julie H. Beers, A. W. Thompson, George L. Brown, George H. Hall, W. J. Hays, Arthur Parton, A. T. Bricher, Edward Gay, C. Miller, P. De Luce, Edward Moran, C. W. Knapp, Harvey Young, A. D. Shattuck, Albert Insiey, D. Huntington, J. O. Eafon, Eastman Johnson, G. H. Story, B. H. Nicholls, W. E. W. E. Norton, A. Blerstadt, George Hetze, A. F. Tatt, William De Haas, A. H. Ritche, Otio Geoler, E. Leutze (deceased), T. W. Wood, F. L. Henry, J. G. Brown, J. H. Beard, M. Vaint, Eugene Benson, Jervis McEntee, J. F. Kensett (deceased), J. H. Dolph, W. S. Haseitline, George Wyman, A. Schuessie, A. Mignot, T. P. Rossifer, F. A. Silva, Paul Weber, A. Herzog, G. W. Pettit, F. A. Rothermet, Milne Ramsay, J. R. Woodwell, C. W. Nicholson, — Sully (deceased), T. Buchanan Read (deceased), J. B. Brevoort, G. P. A. Healy.

THE CHICAGO ARTISTS
in whom Eastern readers may take an interest H. C. Ford, H. A. Eikins, John Phillips, H. C. Tryon, D. F. Bigelow, Mrs. A. Fassett, Eva J. Ham-mond and Annie C. Shaw.

With some 500 pictures, contributed by 250 artists, almost every one of whom has produced at least one notable work, making his name more or less familiar, any attempt at description or critical class is necessarily made at a disadvantage. Many of the works, too, are well known; not a few have been placed before the popular eye through the medium of chromo-lithography or engraving; still many more, particularly in the landscapes and marines, while having their excellences of conception or treatment, really do not differ in what to the general reader or spectator would be an appreciable degree from the better class of tures found in the gallerles of the arrenge collector or on the wails in the better class of academy pictures. There, too, has been some difficulty in preparing a critical and descriptive review, since the work of hanging has been prosecuted up to the moment of the private view last night, and is not even yet completed. The lack of a complete catalogue, too, has been a drawback only to be overcome by boring Mr. Derby.

THE PICTERS.

E. Dubnie's "Prodigal Son" occupies a room by itself and forms a distinct department of the gallery and exposition. It naturally needs no detailed notice.

Commencing with the figure pieces, as inevitably those in which the most general interest is taken. D. Huntingstons "Randphigan Court" in the last many portion of a county of the distinct of the produced of the same provided in the same proposed to the figure and exposition. It naturally needs no detailed notice.

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challenges the first notice. Indeed, thus far it is competing warmly with the "Proofigal Son" for popularity. Ritchie's engraving has made it familiar to many people, and the element of historicai interest, superadded to its own excellence and truthiulness, naturally conduces to make it a centre of attraction. It is an ideal gatheving, of course, the artist grouping some sixty of the most celebrated Americans of the last decade of the cerebased necessary at his own will to produce the best possible effect. The picture is sufficiently well known. Washington is the central ingure, a little to the baceground, with the puke of Kent, and neighbored by Jefferson and Trumbuil. His wife occupies the leit, receiving her guests at a dais, supported by Mrs. Robert Morris and Nellie Custis. Adams and Hamitton are further toward the right, and form probably the most dignified and impressive part of the picture. Washington suifers a little, as all central figures must do, and there is the inevitable drawback of conventionality in his case. The right four ocaluses idealized at all?, Sophia Crew, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Theodore Seigwick and Mrs. Bingham, while in the subordinate groups are such historic faces as those of Morris, Steuben Livingston, Knox and a score of others, O: course there is: In the picture much that may be considered the work of the portrait painter and the antiquary: nevertheless above and beyond this there is the work of genius. The perfect balance of the picture as a whole is attained without any evidence of painful premeditation, the grouping is natural and graceful, and the coloring perfect. This latter detail perhaps is one of the most impressive on close consideration, because the artist has been in some measure restricted by considerations of nistorical accuracy. His materials have been furnished and he has had to make the best of them—not so easy a thing as to combine the meterials of one's own enotice after one's own isshinor.

Another Washington picture familiar to the public is Rossiter and A. Mignot's "dome of Washington (conventional) is taking to Lalayette upon the sceps of the veranda where sit Mrs. Washington condentions? A honor of the picture than irom angilt cise, since there is nothing parteuriarity resh about the subject of wishington the first about the guest for the picture with a subject of the picture

by the puthway; she, hall in instlessness, hall in sadness, casts a sidewise glance at a foriorn little stone cupid on a fountain.

Another French picture worthy of even more attention than it seems thus sar to receive, is Léon Olevie's "Faistaff and Doli Tearsheet" (309). That a Frenchman socold successfully enter into the spirit of Shakespeare, particularly of Shakespeare in his most English, jovial, rollicking mood and life seems at first incredible. Nevertheless Olevie has produced an English and a Shakespearian work. English beef and beer, capons and sack made up the Faistaff who sits in his chair (2 King henry It., 4) receiving vita dignity the caresses of buxon Doll Tearsheet, while behind her Dame Quickly, arms aximbo, beams her satisfaction at the sight and the compehed exit of Pistol. Prince Hai and Foins have entered behind as drawers, according to the stage directions, and agrotesque band of musicians are thrumming and blowing. The detail is as good as the conception and is worked out with French care and correctness. Gerome's "Turkish Merchant" (189) is proposhly familiar to many readers of the HERALD. The figure carries a gin upon the shoulder and a steel helmet and corslet in its hand. Nothing could be simpler. Nor could anything be more patient without degenerating into mechanical and wearisome detail than the working out of everything in the picture—the flagree on the helmet, the gun barrel, the embroidered robe, the smooth and delicately tinted face and, above all, the exquisite satiny texture of the drapery provoke admiration.

Hubner's historic "Silesian Weavers" (55) is modern dermany, and was paid the compilinent of suppression by the Prussian authorities when it was first exhibited. It is another "Song of the Sairt." Men without beauty, strength or hope, doomed to hard labor, without even the consolation of desperation—that is the picture, painted with a repression and reality that intensifies its expression and renders utterly superfluous idealization or any trickery of art.

with a repression and reality that intensifies its expression and renders utterly superfluous idealization or any trickery of art.

Rothermet's "Martyrdom of Hypatia," from Charles Kingsley's book, is a small picture, full of action; perhaps somewhat crowded. The howing mob presses iorward with litted nsts, potsne.ds, stones, knives, dragging her to her naked outchery in the church. Apart from the absence of the idea of compensation in all subjects of the sort, there is a not very successful attempt to realize the half-afrighted and indignant dignity of the martyr of Neo-Platonism, and the drawing of the central figure leaves somewhat to be desired in the respect of ease.

the half-afrighted and indignant dignity of the martyr of Neo-Platonism, and the drawing of the central figure leaves somewhat to be desired in the respect of ease.

Titon's "Artist's Vision" (59) is a rather washy treatment of a very backneyed subject. Three ideal beauties—of course—appear to—of course—a sleeping artist.

Inimitely superior is H. Merle's "Right Path" (46) both in idea and execution, with a whole-someness of tone often conspicuously absent in French pictures of tals class. The artist, with his pallette and sketch-book, passes by the entrance of a banquer chamber, rich with mosaics, marble and guiding, and displaying medalions of Venus and her son. On one side a flushed and beautiful woman, reclining in the arms of her tipsy companion, beek-ons laughingly to the artist; on the other another as beautiful, leaning gracefully against a marble column, tenders him a golden wine cup with half-smiling lips like those described by Annercon as "provoking a kiss." The artist, with his eye soberly and sombrely fixed on duty, passes them by There is no grossness in the treatment of the women, though the flush of the first gives a sufficient souppon of the actual character of Circe. The figures are light and graceful, and the artist has improved to the utmost the ample opportunities afforded him for successful treatment of the draperies and marble surfaces and the comoination of rich colors.

P. Van Schendel's "Annunciation" (101) is a large and ambitious canvas after the classic fashion. Notwithstanding an admirable effect of the light that floods the picture from the top and a judicious management of draperies, the picture is hari and cold. The artist had made an effort to realize the scene and spirit of his study—of that there can be no doubt, for it is visible throughout the picture and constitutes its defect.

"Fitting Moses out for the Pair" (217), by Mr. A. Hitche, probably stands at the head of the figure pieces by American artists, and suggests strong the English picture "lecture of Moses" food even

column, to which is affixed a siege proclamation. This is all the accessory, and serves thoroughly to identify the scene as Paris in 1871. It is a history of the siege and Commune: though, by the way, the ked outbreak only began towards the middle of March, so that, despite popular criticism, I shall retrench the Commune: as eloquent and embracing for the great mass of people as could be the most graphic and comprehensive volume. Comparing this picture with Max's "Anatomist," a subject as paining but with less of story, and, consequently, less of interest, will be found interesting.

One of the picces de résistance of the rich oill of fare I am describing is Mouchat's "Sortie of the Grand Council of Venice-Sixteenth Century" (2), a picture that gained for its painter the describing of the Legion of Honor when it was exhibited at Paris. It contains at least a hundred fagures, each carefully studied, and all admirably grouped—dignitaries, officers, prelates, sweeping down the broad staircase of the palace and away across the marble court. Giver such a subject, with an Italian sky and architecture and the layigh wealth and variety of costume characteristic of that day, and it will be seen that the artist selected for himself a rare subject whose posabilities for grouping, drawing, coloring and detail were almost lumiliess. It is enough to say that in every one of these respects he has proved equal to his task and that the picture is a model of harmony and grace.

Georges Devy's "Japanese Fruit Shopy" (18), is a foot of the contraction in the picture of the picture is a model of harmony and grace.

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Georges Devy's "Japanese Fruit Shop" (18), is a joyous and effective bit of coloring: a Japanese beile, en grande tenne, with clinging draperies that shame those of our most uira lashionable dames of the day, fan and umorella, attended by a roguish, bare legged little page, carrying a huge pot, pausing before a window filled with fruit, flowers and odd Japanese knicknacks.

Another picture that it is profitable to contrast with this is the "Pompenian Lady" (5), by Coomans; one of his best works in this type. It is the picture of a beauthul and voluptuous woman of the later Koman aminor, richly trapped with gold and gems, a weiman of a very cloying sweetness.

E. A. Sain's "Recreation in Capri" (25), is pretty. Anished, classical, graceful, dreamy, &c., &c., more moteworthy perhaps for its manner than its matter. When one sets out to paint a Neapolitan sky and scene with a broken column, wreathed with vines, a couple of graceful peasants dancing and other graceful peasants watching them in lazy ausandon, to win distinction he must depend on the delicacy and grace of his work. In these respects the picture is noteworthy.

Savini's (248) is of a weak woman in red and blue drapery. She is plucking a flower, whereby you know that her name is "icah" and a group of paims in the background suggests infailibly that she is "the forsafen." A chromo of this, to be called "Rachel the Remembered," would be successint.

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Mr. J. O. Eaton's "Sibyl" (34) is an effective piece, a dark face full of fate well set off by blue draperies.

Dubule presents an "Autumn" (94), a somewhat conventional dark brunetie, trimmed with grapes. She holds a pair of shears in her hand, and has her arm thrown round a sheep. This was painted by Rosa Homeur, and is—at least as to the head—freely and characteristically drawn.

Two pictures, abke in idea, though differing in merit, are by the late E. Leutze—"Paradise and the Peri" (204) and "The Successful Suitor" (321), the latter the fairy prince who rides to his lady love's fairy castle over a fairy bridge upheld by the iriendly gives. The latter picture is light, graceful, happy and instinct with poetry, the former disappointing both in idea and color.

Buchanan Read's "Lady of Shalott" (400) well known to Eastern readers, but has a sort of boardish, hard form and texture that repel one. On the other hand, Mr. G. H. Story contributes a rather neat and very delicate little idyli, "breaming by the sea" (222). The theme is sufficiently commonplace—a child with flowing, auburn hair, sad and dreamy eyes and folded hands, gazing wistfully out upon the sea. The execution is delicate, and, if there is "not much in" the picture, still it is always one that will attract notice and compel sympathy.

wistfully out upon the sea. The execution is delicate, and, if there is "not much in" the picture, still it is always one that will attract notice and compel sympathy.

I might at the outset have classed Schuessle's "Washington Irving and His Friends" along with the historical pictures. It has been engraved to death, and, even if it were less cold than it is, should rather belong to a library or public institution than a gahery like this.

Ch. Schloesser sends a capital German interior—"The Musical Festival" (203)—overflowing with animation and good humor. The conductor, a quiet old man, stands in the middle of the room, which is decorated with banners and wreaths, about to summon the orchestra to order for the rehearsal. The double basses are ranged solidly and solemnly near him, prepared to do their part. Perched on a high stool, a little grit assiduously suws away on her violin, turning her ear to catch the instruction given her by the old violin player. A boy three feet long is blowing himself into a tuba iour feet long, to the immense and exubersatily manifested satisfaction of the comrades. The other musicans are tuning up or qualling huge mugs of beer from the convenient key in the corner. A young lady critic, evidently from a distance, puts ap her eyeglass in one corner and scans the orchestra keenly, prepared to pass her verdiet; while another—an old burgher, with his wife (who is knitting placedly), his dog and his boy—prepares himself to receive the work of the home musicians with enthusiasm. It is a German work throughout, in spirit and treatment.

Two other German studies of the happiest sort are senerity "Grandmother's Burchaley, while his little sister carefully brings to him the ceremonial cake, on which are burning two tapers. His father is smoking in his armchair, with a lossegar into her hand; the little grit takes the other hand and feels in her pocket for the birthay dy address she is to read. Through the open door may be seen the festal hall, the father contemplating with satisfaction the

at least some of the Heralip's readers, but those mentioned will give a fair idea of the several schools and the more prominent artists. Among the many interesting pieces of figure life and genre may be mentioned Zamacois' "Cavalier," well known, and auctuer, equally good if less generally known, specimen of the modern Spanish school, a "Dripking Scene," by his pupil, Leon Ecosaura; Beranger's "Dressmaker," M. Guillemin's "Penitent," S. J. Guy's racy "First Spat," Baugnlet's "Favorites," E. W. Perry's "Clock Doctor" and "Jack O'Lantern," Th. Gerard's "Happy Home," Demichen's "After School," T. P. Wood's "Woodsawyer," T. G. Brown's "Two's Company" and "Italian Musicians," familiar to New Yorkers; Litchauser's "Armorer," George Wyman's "Feeding Ducks," &c., &c.

WINTERGREEN

An Ancient and Much-Widowed Lady Marries Her Pastor-Excitement over the Romantie Nuptials at Cold Spring Harbor, L. f.

The warm breath of love touching two widowed learts at Cold Spring Barbor, Long Island, caused them to glow with Vesuvian fervor. So ardent, in-deed, was the assault of the boy-god Cupid on the susceptible hearts of the ancient couple to which this "short but moving tale" refers that desnite nothing but the saive of matrimony could cure the gentle burts of love.

But to leave the pleasant hyperbole into which the pens of HERALD reporters insensibly glide then speaking of the tender passion, it may briefly be chronicled that the congregation at the Baptist church at Cold Spring was not more large and attentive than usual, and no ripple of excitement seemed to pervade the sermon of the preacher, although the Rev. Mr. Jaffrey held a secret in his breast all the while which was soon to stir that quiet congregation to the profoundess

de pins. Rev. Mr. Vogel,
THE LOVE-SMITTEN PASTOR,
sat upon the rostrum with the minister officiating in his place, and no unwonted trepidation be trayed his secret. Like Joey Bagstock he had been "siy." After the service was over the Rev. Mr. Vogel stepped from the pulpit, and, although nis age is sixty-five his step was elastic; somehow the fires of youth seemed again to glow in his line eyes, but when he sought the front pew, and bent with courtly grace over the hand of the rich widow Jackson, ætat eighty-five, her face seemes to

Suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange.